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Chapter 1 by Feministwriter

"This is last months bus pass, Miss Maris. Tomorrow you owe me a total of four dollars." He glared at me and reluctantly handed me the day pass.

"Next time, Miss Maris, you'll have to walk." I blushed and plopped myself on one of the fabric seats caked with ancient bits of crushed cracker.

Oh well, I thought. At least this gets me to school. I looked out the window and gazed at the cloudy sky.

I had just recently joined Granite Rock Middle School, or what I like to call "The shackle of adolescents." it was a solemn school, its dark red brick walls seeming to block any form of happiness.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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